

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1887.

VOL. VI—NO. 51.—WHOLE NO. 311.

THE COLORED TROOPS.

Organization and Service in the Army of the Cumberland.

HARASSING HOOD.

Splendid Work by the Negroes at Decatur, Ala.

SIEGE OF NASHVILLE.

Preparing for the Grand Assault so Fatal to Hood.

BY HENRY BOWEN, CAPTAIN, 5TH U. S. INF., FORT KNOX, M. T.

III.

Prior to this date the 15th Colored Inf., Col. Downey, had been organized at Clarksville, Tenn., and was doing garrison duty at that place, with an occasional scout after bushwhackers in the surrounding region; the 16th, Col. Gaw, at Chattanooga, where it was kept employed on the defensive works of the place, its Colonel not desiring field service, despite the earnest remonstrances of most of its officers; the 17th, Col. Shafter, organized at Murfreesboro, had been ordered to Nashville to do guard duty over stores of supplies, corn, etc.; the 40th, Col. Lyster, was being formed at Gallatin; the 43d, Col. Wright, and the 44th, Col. Lewis Johnson, at Chattanooga. A light battery—Co. A, 2d Colored L. A., Capt. Meigs—had also been organized at Nashville, and the 9th and 12th H. A. in the Department.*

*After dismissal of Col. Downey Wm. Inness became Colonel of the 15th, and Capt. J. V. Meigs succeeded by T. P. Meigs as Captain of Battery A, 2d Colored L. A. The 9th H. A. was now fully organized; its senior officer was Maj. Edward Grosvenor. Col. Thomas S. Andrews was Colonel of the "12th Heavy."

The 43d was an "invalid" regiment. Its Colonel was never with it, and the command was exercised by the Lieutenant-Colonel, J. R. Putnam. The 101st, Col. Barnard, also an "invalid" regiment, and the 100th, Col. R. D. Mussey, were at Nashville. Both the latter-named officers were Captains in the 19th Regular Inf. The 110th, Col. Wallace Campbell, was also organized there. Later the Colonel of the 15th became

INVOLVED IN BOUNTY FRAUDS and was tried by court-martial and dismissed the service, as were also some line officers of that and other regiments.

A great temptation was placed before the officers of the colored regiments by agents from Northern localities when a draft was imminent, who by some means reached the points where recruiting was going on, and offered heavy bounties to any officer who would allow his recruits to be "credited" to their towns or States. As this was a deliberate fraud on the General Government, Gen. Thomas forbade it in his department, and ordered all agents beyond its boundaries, not but before hundreds of these swindling credits had been secured. I know of \$1,000 being offered an officer for one recruit, but the offer was spurned in a way that forbade its repetition.

About the time that Wheeler disappeared from Tennessee, as has been described, Forrest started into that State and, as was his wont, raided the western portion extensively, and crossing the Tennessee River pushed his way over to the Tennessee and Alabama Railroad, and, driving before him or capturing the forces sent to stop him, was rapidly approaching Nashville.

Frightened by the threat of an

INDISCRIMINATE MASSACRE

If the place was stormed, and decided by the early Forrest, the Colonel of the 111th Colored, commanding at Athens, Ala., surrendered his command without a fight, and that regiment ceased to exist as an organization. The surrender caused the capture of reinforcements hastening to his assistance from Decatur.

Again the 14th was called from its station at Chattanooga, and with the 16th from same place passed up the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad to Nashville, and from there to Paducah, where they met the troops of Gen. Rosecrans steadily falling back before the rebel advance. With this addition to his force he felt that he could at least "hold his own," and putting the colored troops in his front line offered battle. They were eager for fight. Every one knew of the Fort Pillow slaughter, and it was reported and generally believed by the men that Forrest had offered a thousand dollars for the head of their commander; but these things had no effect, unless it was to render them more anxious to have a brush with the foe. But when he had satisfied himself of the fact of reinforcements having reached the Federal commander, he

GAVE UP HIS NORTHWARD MARCH, and turning off to the left recrossed the Tennessee and awaited the advance of Hood, who was now coming toward Tennessee. The colored portion of the command was returned to Chattanooga.

The 44th had been sent to Dalton, Ga., to reinforce the garrison, of which his rank gave Col. Johnson the command. Early in October, in his march to the rear of Gen. Sherman's army, Hood appeared before Dalton and demanded its surrender, backed by the usual threat of massacre of the garrison if the demand was not complied with. It was largely unopposed, and Hood might have stormed it, but after his bloody repulse at Allatoona would at least have thought twice before he ordered an assault, and with no supplies of any value, it would have been a barren capture, and, if left in his rear, it had no troops enough to annoy him. The men, dreading the treatment they had good reason to expect, eagerly demanded to be allowed to fight, declaring they could hold the place, or at least

"DIE IN THE ATTEMPT, and in this they were supported by many of their officers, but the commander's nerve failed him, and the place was surrendered.

As soon as it was known that this was decided upon, many of the soldiers threw down their arms and secreted themselves in the town, and, not being found by the enemy, soon made their way to Chattanooga. Others escaped singly or by two's or three's, and the officers, after two or three days' captivity, were paroled and allowed to return to the Federal lines. But, owing to some informality, Gen. Thomas refused to recognize



EXPLODING A CAISSON.

the paroles, and they were ordered on duty at Chattanooga, where about 200 of the enlisted men had gathered, and where the regiment remained until ordered to Nashville to assist in repelling Hood's attack on that city.

On Oct. 24 Hood's army, having passed westward along the left bank of the Tennessee, appeared before Decatur, Ala., and demanded the surrender of the place. This would give him a crossing of that stream by means of a fine pontoon bridge, already in position, and enable him to

BEAT THE UNION FORCES

now en route from Georgia to Nashville. The investing force outnumbered the garrison ten to one, but the commander was of different mold from him of Dalton, and not only refused to surrender, but made so much of the slender force he had that the rebel commander hesitated, with Allatoona fresh in memory, about assaulting. At the same time he called anxiously for reinforcements, and at 11 o'clock the night of the 25th the camp of the 14th was roused by the order to prepare at once for the march.

The night was of pitchy darkness, mud half-knee deep, and rain falling in torrents, but in five minutes less than an hour the regiment had turned out, marched three-fourths of a mile, been loaded in cars, and was off—where, none but its Colonel knew. The cars were open "racks," from which cattle had just been removed, and were

ANKLE DEEP IN FILTH, and in them, exposed to the terrible storm without seats, we passed the rest of the night and most of the next day.

At 4 p. m. we reached the right bank of the Tennessee opposite Decatur, and eight companies were at once crossed over, while the two left companies were retained on the right bank as support for a section of Battery A, 1st Tenn. L. A., and to annoy the right flank of the enemy, whose lines reached entirely around the town, his right resting on the river above, his left in a similar position below.

Wet, hungry and sleepy, these companies toiled all night on works to protect the guns, which, as soon as morning dawned, opened on the enemy, supported by the infantry deployed as skirmishers among the trees which lined the banks of the stream. Directly across the river, here 650 yards wide, was a four-gun battery, supposed from papers afterwards found on the spot to be the 12th La. To this battery both infantry and artillery on the right gave their undivided attention, the infantry picking off the men, as often as they showed themselves, and the artillery

EXPLODING ONE CAISSON, killing and wounding, as we afterward learned, 17 men. A careful inspection of it from among the branches of a tree on the river bank disclosed the fact that it had no supports, and the observer concluded that it could be captured by a sudden charge, as the bank of the river below was high enough to hide the first of the advance, and a ravine perpendicular to the bank, about 300 yards in its front, gave a good route to get in front and in line of assault.

Information, with a rough sketch of the ground, was carried across the river; but it took some time to get the arrangement made,



THE BRAVE SERGEANT.

and in the meantime a brigade of infantry had been moved up into a ravine just in rear of the battery. Information of this was sent over by a courier, who had orders to deliver it into the hands of the Colonel only. He returned, after an hour's absence, to say that he could not find him and had brought back the note. He was instantly dismount-

ed, his place in the saddle taken by another person, and the horse pushed at the top of his speed for the pontoon bridge. Just as it was reached the regiment was seen firing

DOWN THE OPPOSITE BANK to get its cover in moving out to the assault, with no support or assistance; going, it seemed to the rider, to certain destruction. The pontoon swung and swung to such an extent that a walk was the only possible gait. The mental agony of those few but seemingly interminable moments has never been repeated. Despite all speed that could be made, the regiment was only reached at the line, scrambling up the rough bank of the ravine, started with a wild yell, and led by the Colonel, with the colors in his own hand, for the battery.

Taken by surprise, and armed only with intrenching tools, they were soon driven out, and the assailants had the prolongs of some of the guns uncoiled and had started to get them out of the works, when the supporting brigade charged in turn, and a hand-to-hand fight among the captured guns at once began. Bayonets and clubbed muskets were used with savage vigor. A picture yet vividly present to memory is that of a stalwart Sergeant—Shelton, of Co. K—his rifle broken at the small of the stock, while he

GLANCED IT BY THE MUZZLE, and standing over the body of Lieut. Apthorpe, who had been shot through the head, and keeping at bay the swarm of rebels that had gathered about him, and, a moment later, the same man with the senseless form of his officer over his shoulder, wielding his gun as a club, as he burst through the confused mass and miraculously escaped unharmed, though the company left more than a third of its numbers on the field. The guns were spiked before the regiment left the works. Three hundred and fifty-five men and officers took part in the charge. Of this number three officers and 55 enlisted men were killed or wounded.

Lieut. Apthorpe died of his wounds the next day. Capt. Safford, Co. F, and Lieut. Mitchell, Co. H, were also wounded—the former severely, the latter slightly.

The enemy did not attempt to follow up his advantage, and the troops withdrew inside the main works.

Later in the day the gunboats Gen. Thomas and Dunbar came down the river, and were attacked and followed by two batteries of the enemy, which, as soon as the boats had succeeded in

PASSING OUT OF RANGE, turned their attention to the section of artillery and companies of infantry already mentioned as occupying the right bank of the river, and soon silenced, temporarily, all fire from that quarter; a fragment of shell taking off the leg of Lieut. Gillett, of Co. G, who died of hemorrhage in a few moments.

During the night every man was on duty strengthening the earthworks, but when the



A RABBIT CHASE.

morning dawned it was found that the rebels had withdrawn. The 14th was sent out on a reconnaissance, and about five miles from town came upon the rear-guard, and in the skirmish which ensued Lieut. Woodworth, the remaining Lieutenant of Co. K, was killed. He had a shoulder-strap shot off at the time Apthorpe was killed, and when his attention was called to it, remarked in a nonchalant way: "Oh, yes, it will be my head next"—a prediction verified to the fullest extent. Some more were wounded.

Satisfied that the enemy was withdrawing, the reconnoitering force returned to Decatur. As the regiment neared the town the white garrison manned the parapets and

CHEERED LUSTILY as it passed to its position inside the works. There was music in those cheers. The 14th cheered in turn when the next day one of the white regiments—the 68th Ind., which had been with us from the beginning at Dalton—asked to be brigaded with us. When pressed by the foe, they did not stop to scrutinize the complexion of the relieving force; the only question was, "Will they fight?" That answered satisfactorily, it was enough. The loss of comrades had caused us sorrow, but the regiment felt that its record was now such that all doubts were dispelled, and about the 5th of November returned to its old camp at Chattanooga to receive the congratulations of its friends and rest while awaiting further orders.

Nov. 29, in company with several regiments of white troops from the garrison of Chattanooga, eight companies of the 14th, the 16th, and what remained of the 44th, left that place, and after a short delay at Cowan—a station at the northern foot of the Cumberland Mountains—passed northward on the Nashville Railroad. Between the 14th and that occupied by Co. A and D and the 44th, was one containing Alekshie's battery—18th Ohio. About 25 miles from Nashville this

THROWN FROM THE TRACK, keeping back the trains in its rear. Instead

of remaining with it and endeavoring to expedite its work of getting the cars on the track, the officers in command withdrew to Murfreesboro for the night, leaving only a guard of 30 men with the battery. Roused from sleep at midnight, the writer was sent back from Nashville with a hundred men to its assistance, and found that the whole force, except a light picket, had lain down to sleep, not intending to attempt replacing the cars until daylight. Three-fourths of a mile to the westward was the pike from Murfreesboro to Nashville, and along it a column of cavalry and artillery could be heard moving toward Nashville.

A dense cedar wood prevented them from seeing any fires we might build, and the



"PUP" TENTS.

sleeping command was at once roused and reloading guns and horses pressed with the utmost dispatch, and soon after daybreak the train reached the city. Twenty minutes later the enemy's cavalry with two batteries

CLOSED THE ROAD, and when Col. Johnson, with his train, reached a point about two miles outside the Federal lines he was fired upon, the engine at once disabled, and the command driven from the cars. Obtaining such shelter as could be had, it was forced to fight all day, losing a number of men. At night the command dispersed, and singly, to avoid observation by the enemy, and by a wide detour to the right, most of the men found their way into the lines around the city.

All the troops from Chattanooga, under command of Gen. Steedman, were at first stationed on the east side of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, about two miles out of the city, and threw up works there, but on Dec. 3 were withdrawn to a point east of the Murfreesboro pike, and near the city, forming the extreme left of the line of defense, and the ground they abandoned was at once occupied by the enemy, who enlarged and strengthened the works already put up, and made good use of them when attacked on the 15th. On the 5th a reconnaissance was made by the 14th, 16th and 44th, the rebel pickets on their extreme right driven back across the railroad, and their main line developed. We lost but very few men, but had considerable amusement.

The main skirmish-line had been halted in a cornfield, and the men were lying down, when at the extreme right of it some man

STARTED UP A RABBIT, which ran directly in front of and parallel to the line. A yell greeted his appearance, and as he sped down the line lamps of earth, cornstalks, etc., were hurled at him, and he was finally taken in. Just in front were some rifle-pits, thought to be abandoned, but when the noise of the chase began several heads were seen, the owners evidently thinking that a charge was to follow. They were soon captured, most of them badly frightened at being in the hands of colored troops, and eagerly demanding protection of the officers. Questioned after he was sent to the rear as to how he came to be captured, one of them remarked, in a tone of disgust, "Lookin' to see a lot of d—n niggers chase a rabbit."

With the twofold object of keeping the attention of the enemy attracted to his right flank and of defining his position in that quarter, another reconnaissance was made on the 7th by the 16th and 44th, and Col. Johnson was slightly wounded, together with some half dozen enlisted men. On the 8th the weather, which had been rainy, with deep mud in the fields and unwarped roads and streets,

CHANGED TO COLD, and in 24 hours the face of the whole region about the city was heavily coated with ice, rendering locomotion difficult and dangerous, and it became impossible for guards and pickets to "walk post," and officers making their rounds along the picket-line were forced to use their swords to assist them up any declivity. Wood was scarce in camp, and the men had only "shelter tents," in which no fires could be built.

Some wood was obtained, by permission of Maj. Lewis, an officer who had served under Gen. Jackson, and near whose house we were camped, by cutting off the tops of the large locust trees in his yard, and later, as the cold continued, by cutting down the whole trees. He also gave some of the officers who were not well rooms in his house, and in many ways showed his consideration for our welfare. Some officers also only had the "shelter" tent—in this case at least a cruel misnomer, and the writer well remembers how, after lying down at night fully clad, and with the caps of an overcoat wrapped about his head, he awoke in the morning to find that it had become displaced and his hair, moistened by his breath, had

FROZEN TO THE CANVAS of the tent, and required great care in detaching it. Buttoning an extra piece of tent on the rear, another on the front of their "shelters," three soldiers occupied the space intended for two, and the last one in was to close up, by buttoning the place of entrance. Packed in "like sardines in a box," it was impossible for one to turn unless all did, and with his usual success in extracting amusement from all sources, the colored man could be heard at intervals

during the night, when the side next the ground rebelled against further pressure, giving the order, "By the right flank—Spoon!" when all the inmates of the tent would change together and give the tired ribs a rest.

Nothing could be done but to "labor and to wait," and labor was of little worth under such circumstances, though good strong lines of intrenchments showed that it was not all in vain. Luckily there was

NO SCARCITY OF FOOD.

From the piteous stores of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, those guardian angels of the army, came sacks of potatoes and onions and other articles put up by loyal hands for just such use, and the men fared better than ever before in camp. For days before the battle a sack of potatoes (100 pounds) and one of onions were distributed to each company. The former could always be found among the embers of the campfires, and men walked about camp eating onions as a farmer's boy eats apples—"out of hand."

The colored regiments brought from Chattanooga were organized into one brigade, and those in and about the city—except the 101st Colored Inf. and the light battery (A, 2d Colored L. A.)—into another, denominated respectively the First and Second Colored Brigade, Army of the Cumberland; the former commanded by Col. Thomas I. Morgan, 14th U. S. Colored Inf., the latter by Col. C. R. Thompson, of the 12th. A battalion (two companies) of the 18th, commanded by Maj. Joy, had arrived with the troops from the Mississippi, and was assigned to Morgan's Brigade, which then consisted of the 14th, 16th, battalion of the 18th, and what was left of the 44th. Thompson's Brigade consisted of his own (12th), 13th, 17th, 100th and 110th. But Col. Gaw, of the 16th, was determined not to

GO INTO THE FIELD

if it was possible to avoid it, and managed, the night of Dec. 14, when it was known that the battle was to be fought the next day, to get his regiment withdrawn and assigned to the pontoon train, where his lack of capacity and energy was soon after displayed by the enforced delay of a whole day in the pursuit of Duck River, while he was hunted up by staff officers from Gen. Thomas's headquarters and his train pushed up to the front. His place was filled by the 17th, Col. Shafter, a magnificent body of men, which joined as the brigade moved out to the field the morning of Dec. 15.

(To be continued.)

A HAMMOCK STORY.

LAURA ROSAMOND WHITE.

My lady dreams with unquiet eyes,
Under the apple boughs I see,
Where, on her breeze-blown couch she lies,
The fainting thought beneath the eaves—
Ah! dare I hope she dreams of me?

Her hair is like the sunbeam's glow,
Her face an angel's well might be;
Her form is cast in beauty's mold,
Her loveliness cannot be told,
Even by a wordsmith like me.

I cannot leave her musing there,
And go my way, with love and care,
My heart, and life, and love can share—
Ah! lady fair, dear lady fair,
I come to thee! I come to thee!

She heard his footfall as he came,
And suddenly across her cheek
There swept a vivid scarlet flame,
She trembled as he breathed her name,
But not an answer did she speak.

Her lace-bound hat she lightly drew
Close to her brows, and he—oh! no,
Bent nearer to her eyes of blue,
And with a look that thrilled her through,
He asked her king of dreams to be.

There was a tender thrill of bliss
From a brown nest above the two,
After the silence of a kiss,
As, with a look love would not miss,
He said: "I dream of you!"

TO LAURA ROSAMOND WHITE.

ANOTHER SIDE OF A HAMMOCK IDYL.

MYRA E. FENTON.

My lady lies with folded lids,
Under the apple boughs, I ween,
Where in a wicker nest she lies
In silence robe and comfort lies—
My prostrate, dainty, fairy queen.

The sunlight flecks her golden hair
With shimmering beams of gilded spray!
For little is the dearest shade,
When wicked zephyrs on a speck
Bestir the leaves in wanton play.

My lady, being thus alone,
Faint tries sweet slumber's sleep to woo;
But feeling of an angel's hand,
Would rattle in her ear a pledge—
Perchance some feather ruffled too.

A sinful siren wove the net,
Majestically drew the center "fast";
Then, as the siren's voice was heard,
"Played bold," until the half's untold—
Yet, like most nets, its victim caught.

Not lace-bound hat, but Sunday print,
Shin-tones over eyes and bangs,
When cautious, shy, with reluctant tread
And soft approach, close to her head,
A wily, sinuous stranger hangs.

A downy touch falls on her neck,
Fresh off that horrid woe, the screams,
And starting, vainly tries to spring,
While round her close the meshes cling.
Her breeze-blown couch much woe besseems.

For happy lover draweth sigh,
A faint love all too near,
Her dress away, hair pins not est—
Alighting, it must be confessed,
With bustle underneath her ear—
And she didn't get into the house until he saw her, either.

The Cabinet.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Will you please inform a schoolgirl who are the members of President Cleveland's Cabinet at the present time?—MILDRED A. FAIRBANK, Galesburg, Ia. Devoted Co., Ill.

The following are the members of the Cabinet:
Secretary of State—Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware.

Secretary of the Treasury—Charles S. Fairchild, of New York.

Secretary of War—William C. Endicott, of Massachusetts.

Secretary of the Navy—William C. Whitney, of New York.

Postmaster-General—William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin.

Secretary of the Interior—L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi.

Attorney-General—A. H. Garland, of Arkansas.

A Sure Patriot.
(Somerville Journal.)
The homely girl in a crowded horse-car is apt to have to follow Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland's advice to girls: "Stand up for America, wherever you are," whether she wants to or not.

Use for Lo.
(Boston Post.)
It really seems to us that there is an easy solution of the vexed Indian problem. Let us organize all our Indians into Wild West shows and send them to Europe to exhibit in charge of army officers.

GREGG'S CAVALRY.

His Participation in the Stoneman Raid of 1863.

BATTLE AND BIVOUAC.

Marching and Fighting by Night and by Day.

THE RAID A FAILURE.

For Lack of Vigor and Skill in Its Management.

BY N. D. PRESTON, CAPTAIN, 10TH N. Y. CAV., PITTSBURG, PA.

In the latter part of the Winter of 1862-'63, the division of cavalry commanded by Brig. Gen. D. McM. Gregg was picketing in the country familiarly known in Virginia as the "Northern Neck," rendered historical as the birthplace of the Lees and the frequent abiding place of Washington. There remained but little in the country to remind one of the characters that had become so prominently identified with the history of



A FOWL PROCEEDING.

perhaps unnecessary to state that the Major, who was a good judge, pronounced the liquor the very best that had

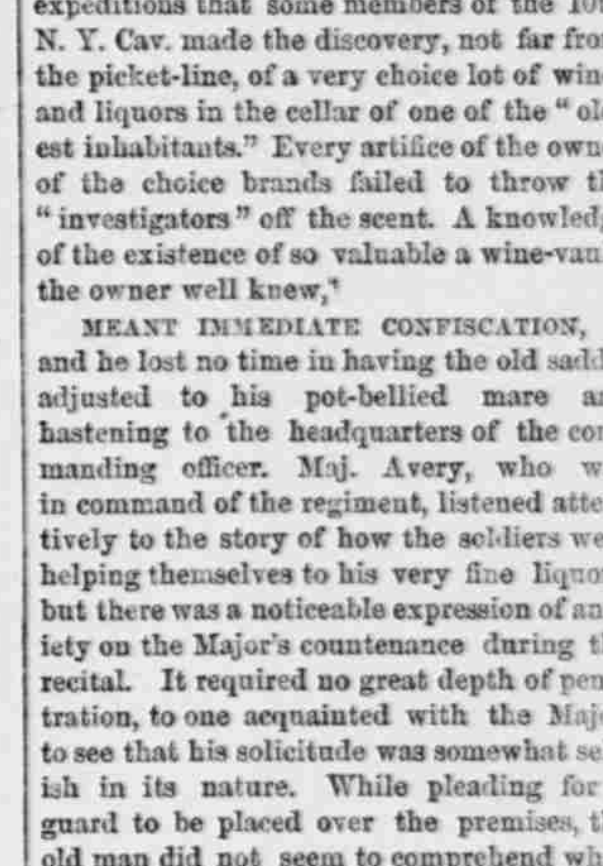
EVER MOISTENED HIS PALATE, and the efficient officer who had hastened to secure the prize while the Major killed time entertaining the owner was suitably rewarded with double rations of the same.

Another little incident occurred not long after. Capt. Vanderbilt, of the 10th N. Y. Cav., was waited upon by a lady, who complained bitterly of his men killing her pig, near the picket-line. The Captain, with great dignity, informed the lady that he would investigate the matter and report. Next day he called upon her, and said he had made a careful and thorough investigation, and from the testimony was convinced that the pig attacked one of his men, and the man had killed it in self-defense.

The division was encamped near Belle Plain Landing, and the regiments alternately went picketing on the "Neck," or, as the boys would say when asked where a certain regiment was, "Pig eating on the Neck!"

The man among the rank and file who could not express his thoughts in something more choice than common English was of little account, hence it is not to be wondered at that "feed-call," composed for the bugle—music by Uncle Sam—was put to words by one of the soldier muses as follows:
Come to the stable
While you are able
And give your horses some corn;
For if you don't do it,
The Colonel will know it,
And you'll catch it—in the morn.

On returning late at night from picket, the 10th N. Y. went into camp during a driz-



AT THE FORD.

zling, cold rain. Everybody was out of humor, and some indeliberate cursing was indulged in all around. Maj. Falls, Gen. Gregg's Chief of Staff, came riding through the camp, calling out "What regiment is this?" The men simply knew that

HE WAS A STRANGE OFFICER, and not being in a mood to entertain any imperious demands, one of the men, William Duval, starting toward him, said:

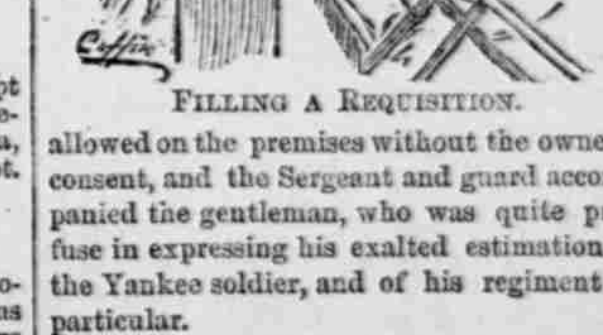
"I'll show you what regiment this is, d—n you. This is the fighting 10th N. Y., and they're all at home. You git out mighty quick, or your blood will be running down the hillside!"

The Major stood not upon the order of his going. Next day the Major sent down for the man's name, not for punishment, but for promotion, as he thought he had the right material in him for an officer.

And this reminds me of another night, not unlike the foregoing, when in getting into camp the detailed man at hospital, or Assistant Hospital Steward, was not at his post, which occasioned considerable shouting by the large-lunged Hospital Steward for "Jon Bailey." The monotonous, measured tones of voice was kept up, until it was finally repeated by some of the boys away off in the inky darkness of the night, and soon after the call was joined in by others, until the infection spread first through the entire regiment, and then was taken up by the other regiments of the brigade, and for days the cry of "Jon Bailey" resounded on every side. The refrain was taken up by the infantry, and swept like an epidemic, until scarcely a regiment in the army but did

BY SHOUTING HIS NAME IN CAMP, on the march and in action.

The best of feeling did not prevail between the Colonel of the regiment, John C. Lemmon, and Maj. Avery, and neither allowed an opportunity to pass to give the



FILLING A REQUISITION.

allowed on the premises without the owner's consent, and the Sergeant and gnat accompanied the gentleman, who was quite profuse in expressing his exalted estimation of the Yankee soldier, and of his regiment in particular.